

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEARTY MAN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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FUNNY OLD MIX UP

Has Editor H. A. Sommers, of The Elizabethtown (Ky) Something-or-other, Gone into the Sunday School Library Business, About Things That he and I Saw on the "Mottel" Cruise?

I have received a type written postal in which I give the word "separate," just as it is spelled in the card. It is one of the words that all half-educated people spell that way. Something less than 60 years ago I learned that it was one of the words we had to watch.

The card runs thusly:

Blue Grass Blade

Lexington, Ky., Feb. 11, 05.

Dear Editor,

...send you under separate (?) cover a marked copy of our Kentucky Sunday School Reporter containing an announcement of the eleventh International Sunday School Convention.

This is a matter of great interest to all churches and Sunday Schools, of every Denomination in the state, and I trust you will make announcement of it, in an early issue of your paper.

May I ask you to send your paper to me regularly as an exchange?

It would be a great help to me in my work by keeping me informed of all Sunday School and other religious gatherings in your country.—E. A. FOX, Gen. Secretary.

Enclosure by

H. A. SOMMERS, State President, Elizabethtown, Ky.

I got the copy of "The Kentucky Sunday School Reporter," before I did the card. It had on the wrapper, "Marked Copy."

I looked for the marked place and found something about the next meeting being in Toronto, Canada.

The next thing that I struck that was of any interest started out thusly:

"As we compile the statistical report for 1904 there seems to be a small loss in the number of Sunday Schools. Of course we are never able to get an entirely accurate report from all countries, but Hanner Counties are supposed to gather complete reports, and even in most of them there is a falling off."

Small matter, but I was glad to see it—looked like the Blade was getting in its work. The only thing in the "Reporter," that was worth bell-ringing was headed "Cruise of the Jerusalem Sunday School Pilgrims."

I see from the papers that some Sunday School fellow sent over there from this country, died in Jerusalem "on Christmas day," but whether it means the Christmas day that we have here, on December 25, or the Christmas Day they have in Jerusalem on January 10, I do not know. May be he died on both of those Christmases,—in reading in the Bible you find that they right frequently died, over in that country, twice, and Judas Iscariot died three entirely different ways—hanging, falling and ox cart—and I suppose they were all at different times.

(For the ox-cart death see Apocryphal New Testament.)

The "Jerusalem Pilgrim" story was fairly well told, except from being told by a Christian. It just had to have some life in it. Otherwise it fairly coincided with "Dog Fennel!"

The most authentic history of that country, written by a famous Kentucky divine. The life is found in the following words:

"One of our most delightful experiences was a trip around the walls on donkeys. On this trip we see the Pool of Gihon, the Hill of Evil Counsel, Pottery Field, Tree on which Judas hanged himself, Jacob's Well, Pool of Siloam, Tombs of Absalom, St. James and Zachary, Virgin Fountain, Robinson's Arch, and the various valleys surrounding the city."

It is the fact that the writer claims to have seen "The tree on which Judas hanged himself," that is a lie. Those fellows over there are the most inconsiderable liars I ever went up against, except preachers in this country, but if they have the cheek to say that that tree is standing there yet,

it's a lie that they have added to their repertoire since I was there in 1903.

On the other hand our Mottel party were shown the place where Judas Iscariot hung himself, and there was no tree on it big enough to hold up a Kansas grass hopper, and there did not seem to have been any tree there in the last 2,000 years—reckon Solomon chopped em all down with his little George Washington hatchet.

This same H. A. Sommers of Elizabethtown, was the only person from Kentucky, except myself, who was on that trip, and he will not dare to say that any body on that tour saw what was said to be the tree on which Judas hung himself.

Sommers was pizen pizen and aired his piety, once, in the chapel exercises, on the Mottel; still for all that, I am not going to say he lied, for I don't dead sure know that he did, and besides he is a pretty big fellow, and lives here in Kentucky, and these dam Kentucky Christians will shoot quick as you can bat your eye.

But I will repeat here, in substance, what I say about Sommers, in "Dog Fennel."

Sommers started out on that tour with one of these durned "Travelers' Accident Insurance" policies, in his glad clothes.

At Cairo a party started on an ass-back across a stretch of the Sahara,—that I always felt like calling Sallie, for short—to go to Memphis, about 15 miles away.

You know Sallie is all sand, and it's so soft that you might catch a baby by the heels and throw it 40 feet, and let it fall either end up, and a baby of ordinary pluck would not cry.

Just any old breeze that will up a kite, will pile that stuff up, use some feathers, 40 feet high on old Mrs. Sobins, (or Miss), Sommers got onto a durned old jackass, with all that fancy barber work on his legs that I see, you about in "Dog Fennel."

If you would take off that jackass' ears and his bray and turn him out in grass 3 feet high you couldn't and him any more than a rabbit—Kentucky rabbit; not Texas jack rabbit; Lord, no.

When I was down in that Texas country, debating with that liar Wilkinson, I saw jack rabbits that it would be dangerous to turn out Sommers' Cairo jackass with—the jackass would run over —o— jackass and kill him.

They couldn't get along contravariety, at all, like poor Billy Breckinridge and I did when Veach printed Billy's picture and mine in the Blade, facing each other, and over some article that he headed "Two Jacks," and a whole lot of card playing slanders.

When Sommers was on his little jackass, on the streets in Cairo,—none of your big St. Louis fair doings, real thing—and the little old donkey couldn't sink in the solid streets, Sommers with legs bordering on four feet—that is four feet long, he had only two feet on the ends of his legs, like other people—could manage not to wear out his shoe soles by turning up his toes a little and you will notice that, on this account, all the Mohammedans shoes you see in the pictures, turn up their toes so they will slide along on the ground nicely when they are riding these little jackasses.

But the durned little things are the pickiest little devils you ever saw—got sand in their craws; can't help it; gets in there every time they go out on the great Sarah Ann, or Sallie, every time they bray.

When Sommers got out on the Sarah Ann, and into the sand and the little jackass went down knee deep—not to Sommers; the other one—Sommers had to take a tuck in his legs, like a growing girl's skirts, to get to ride at all.

In that shape, Sommers and a Congregational preacher, named Marshall, started out to have a jackass race.

I can't recall whether Marshall was riding a jackass, camel, ostrich or elephant, or was simply walking when Sommers proposed a jackass race with him.

Sommers was a dull fellow and would not have seen any irony in the last event; but, at any rate, Sommers made that little donkey do his damndest to get to the "sand and harems" (Mary Mac Lane) and the little donkey fell down, and Sommers went between the little jackass' ears over his head, and he got up and took out a handkerchief as big as that one that

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Therefore I believe that Jerusalem Sunday School fellow was lying when he said he saw the tree on which Judas hung himself. For I saw the place where Judas shuffled off this mortal coil, and there was no tree there, and durned if I am going to believe that God himself could make a tree, since 1903, that would be 1905 years since now.

Mark Twain's "Grimes," pulled out to weep on when he saw Jerusalem, and Sommers paid a long sling for his ass, and he paid an Arab doctor a handful of money that looked like a mixture of American counterfeit nickel and the outlandish coin of Turkey, that looked like 30 cents and that Arab doctor, in a lot of hieroglyphics that looked, for all the world like those on the obelisk at Hiersolva, and that the Devil and Tom Walker themselves could not read, swore by the beard of Mohammed, that Sommers did not have a bone in him, from his head to his heels that was not broken two or three times and on that fellow's certificate Sommers carried his arm in that sling for three or four days to collect from that "Travelers' Accident Insurance Company" when he got back to Kentucky, and I suppose he collected enough on that policy to pay for his whole tour—"over" they call it in Kentucky where Sommers lives.

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Mark Twain's "Grimes

REV. ULYSES GRANT WILKINSON

And A. A. Snow, ("The Beautiful")
Of Iowa, (Four Feet Deep) In the
Discussion About me Through
The Comanche News, I. T. and
Correspondently.

Linerville, Iowa, Feb. 9, 05.
Brother Moore,
I am in receipt of a letter from U. G. Wilkinson, and I hereby enclose my reply to it, as it may be of some interest to you.

The correspondence came about by my writing to the Comanche News, and asking if it wouldn't be just as convenient to hold a discussion in its columns with Wilkinson as to publish his accounts of the Moore-Wilkinson discussion, in which case I agreed to furnish him a competent disputant.

My letter was handed to Rev. Wilkinson for reply, and on that point, he speaks as follows:

"I must say that I do not care for such a discussion in the Comanche News, neither would the editor permit it, for it is only a local paper and does not reach the people who would be interested in such a discussion."

I asked the Comanche News to publish the proposition I made it, but have no reply as to that. Wilkinson writes quite a lengthy letter in which he says, "As for the East of the Mississippi, C. C. Moore is the only one who had the courage to come here for a debate and he was so badly licked that his people here would not pit him against a school boy any more. He is not to be compared to Welch. . . . I refer you to N. P. Grayson, H. A. Hinton, Linerville, I. T. and all who are Infidels, who attended the debate, as to whether I have stated the truth or not."

Write to the postmaster of Ryan, I. T., about the Blade subscribers refusing to take it from the office, since the debate, if you care to investigate the matter. All I know is what he voluntarily told me, I did not ask him for the information even. He is a nice man, and will tell you the truth. I could put these things all before the Blade readers and this is what Moore knows, and this is why he refuses me space . . . Write H. G. Morris, of Woolsey, I. T., another Infidel, and see if he has not quit Moore's paper because he has failed to make good his claims.

There are many others, but this is enough. There is nothing in Moore, but bluster and bragado. I expect when I get ready, to thoroughly beat him. He is a coward, and is being busy; but have his papers all laid aside that I have been able to secure—some I have never seen at all. When the proper time comes I will take them up and refer to them by numbers, and will tell you there he has agreed that if he did not convert, he would turn the Blade to a Christian paper," etc.

Very truly,
A. A. SNOW.
Following is a copy of the letter of brother Snow to Wilkinson:
Linerville, Iowa, Feb. 8, 05.
Route 3
U. G. Wilkinson
Comanche, I. T.

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of yours of 15th instant. I am sorry to learn that the readers of the Comanche News, can be interested in your account of a debate with an Infidel, but would not be interested in a discussion where they would surely know that both sides were fairly represented.

But, perhaps, they are all Christians, in which case you might do wrong in giving them an opportunity of hearing the other side. You might lose some of them without being able to gain anything. They need consolation, but not argument.

I note this in view of the fact that you correct me when I say "You are the only preacher I know of who wished both sides of the question discussed."

But even you say a preacher may do wrong in debating with an Infidel before an audience composed of Christians. Then of course every Christian that reads such a debate—he being Christian, and no part Infidel, is doing wrong, being in danger of losing his soul without any chance of any gain. This I read in your letter without reading the debate. It is wicked, then, for Christians to read Infidel literature. It is wicked for them to read anything that might lead to Infidelity, and science has led tens of thousands that way.

What would you think of scientist who would refuse to discuss scientific subjects, except before somewhat skeptical audiences, lest he might have converts to lose?

To them." I am glad I am free and have no chains. "He rings in my ears when I listen to evidence for any faith. The man who poisoned his wife said: 'I want no investigation.' A religion that believes not in free speech; believes not in progress.

A religion that believes unbelievers shall be damned, believes not in free speech.

An opinion cannot be free when we are to be damned for it, or an opposite. Paul said: "Prove all things." This Paul thought was all right when the proof was coming his way; but when he thought it was going the other way he said: "He that preaches any other gospel, let him be anathematized."

Both Paul and the Old Testament laid the foundation of the Inquisition. Those who put Jesus to death were following the laws of Moses in so doing. Now could not the News accept a discussion of only a column each week?

But, as to your debate with Mr. Moore, though I know nothing about it, supposing he was whipped in the debate, having been estimated, his powers as a debater, or under estimated years, many a good writer, as we know Mr. Moore is, is badly fooled in his own opinion of himself, on meeting an experienced opponent for the first time.

I expected one of you two fellows to be fooled. Supposing that Moore's followers had turned against him, as you aver, would not that desertion, on their part show a greater weakness than they could claim for Moore?

Would their cause die when Moore dies?

When Jesus' miraculous powers failed to deliver him from his enemies it is said he was forsaken by his followers, though they afterwards rallied under the absurd pretense that God had a hand in the conspiracy.

If Moore was uttering such weaklings as you claim, I would very much doubt whether they had sufficient strength of mind to know what good argument was. Priests have always favored free speech when they were the speakers.

Now don't infer that I think you are just a little the opposite of free speech because you are not always willing to debate with an Infidel, but because you think it is a little dangerous for the Christians to hear such.

You have the "first catch can" hold out idea of evasion.

When a man escapes hell he can't go any more. His only room for movement is in a downward direction.

Any agitation is stable as any moment, to let the fish, after once caught, ally back into its water. Well, that is sound orthodoxy.

Talmage, and hundreds of others, advised their hearers not to read Infidel literature, nor to ever allow a doubt to be entertained in their minds for a moment.—A. A. SNOW.

I think the two letters are of very great interest and hope that all persons who are interested in the contention between Infidelity and Christianity, and who may see, or know of this will do all they can to circulate this issue of the Blade.

Copies of it in packages of five or more will be sent to any address for one cent each paper, or will be mailed, as ordered, in separate wrappers for two cents for each paper. It is quite common for newspapers, and especially small papers in small towns, to be sent to a devoted friend of the Blade, at Niagara Falls, to whom the Blade is sent, and decline to publish the Infidel side of it.

This is because the editors and the patrons of such papers are not generally so intelligent as the editors and patrons of metropolitan papers.

Many of our largest newspapers print each side of the religious issue, dispassionately, and print Infidel editorials and our very finest American Magazines are printing the very finest of Infidel articles.

In fact to such an extent is this true that while all true Infidels are of course, glad to see it, so much Infidel literature is being printed in books, magazines and metropolitan papers by persons who are not professional Infidel propagandists, that they most seriously embarrass the work of the professionals, by "butting in," and, with their enormous facilities, furnishing a higher article of Infidel literature than we professional Infidel propagandists can possibly do with our limited opportunities. I have only lately seen the country and the people in the Indian Territory, and I was exceedingly pleased with their qualities of heart and mind, but they know as well as others know, that a people is a new country, like that, could not, however inclined, devote so much time to intellectual culture as people can in more wealthy countries and the people in the Indian Territory could not even if they had millions of money, have the intellectual and educational surroundings that we have in

Lexington, and that the people of Boston, for instance, have in greater degree than Lexington, the advantage in the Indian Territory, seemed to be a popular man. I had that impression of him before I saw him and the impression was sustained after I saw him, though I heard him say, I think twice, and probably both times publicly, that his brethren were not encouraging him as he thought they should do.

But Wilkinson could not come to Lexington and get to preach in any of the first-class churches of the city, not even of his own sect, any more than Zachary, of Lexington, with whom Wilkinson associates on terms of equality, could get to preach in one of our fine churches.

Mr. Wilkinson in the pulpit of either of the two fashionable—out of the first—churches of his own sect, in Lexington, would not know what to say, or walk, or act, or look, or dress. He would almost certainly make a people smile, possibly audibly, yes, possibly laugh a laugh that would not be entirely up to their sleeve, like Ah Sir's trumpet and private deck. The strenuous not to "have" or "lose" anything that he used with great aplomb and elation in his "debate" with me, I incline to think would "bring down the house" almost like Samson did.

But, "for that," I personally liked Wilkinson as long as I was with him, and though I thought I discovered a little of the spirit of the victorious chancelier among the last words he said publicly, I must confess I was greatly surprised even with my broad experience with preachers, that what he has said about me, since our separation, is so entirely at variance with his words and conduct to me, when we were together; his good breeding then being beautifully accentuated by the sweet and lady-like deportment of his wife toward me.

The misleading and insincerity in Wilkinson's utterances is almost as alive as coming from the cloth."

In this letter even he speaks of himself as a "school boy" and seems inclined to pose as one of these infant prodigy preachers, who in curls and plaid frocks, begin to astound the world about the age of three years, some nine years earlier than Jesus is alleged to have done that.

My recollection of Wilkinson, subject to glad correction, is that he is about forty years old, weighs 180 pounds and is very robust.

He is a preaching lawyer, also. That I am not to be regarded as Welch, I suppose abundantly true; Welch being a debater, and never having heard any debate all I took part in the one under consideration.

As to the matter of the stopping of the Blades, by its patrons, at Ryan the following are the facts:

I live eight miles from Lexington and I do not think I have been in the city this winter.

I only knew the Blade's mailing list from the letters that were opened in Lexington, by Mr. Hughes, or his clerk or book-keeper, the business in them noted and then sent to me.

About one letter out of ten, however, comes to me first unopened, and I open it and send it back to him with any money that may be in it and the letter, condensed or in full, as I may conclude for publication or not using it at all.

Sometimes "discontinue" cards come directly to me, and sometimes they are sent to me by Mr. Hughes. For some months past I have hardly heard, or known, of any discontinuances of the Blade.

Nearly every case of discontinuance that is at the suggestion of the party to whom it goes, is accompanied by a last letter in which the party says that he or she discontinues the paper from want of money to pay for it, and nearly always, expresses the desire, or purpose to renew as soon as the party gets the money.

Of the notice cards as it would be the duty of the postmaster at Ryan to send the Blade, if the Blade's going there are ordered discontinued, I remember to have seen but three in last several months. One was signed by the postmaster as "Dead." Another was from a devoted friend of the Blade, at Niagara Falls, to whom the Blade was going under different address and he was simply discontinuing one of the papers.

A third one was from Ryan, I. T. or some place near there—No, it was not an official card, simply a postal card from a party who asked me in a very kind manner, to discontinue the Blade to him as he had become a Christian, and I printed his card, in full, in the Blade, with a kind comment upon it.

Just as I began to write this piece I stopped to the telephone to call up Mr. Hughes, my purpose being to ask him about the alleged discontinuances of the Blade at Ryan. The phone was answered by his book-keeper, she said Mr. Hughes was in Mr. Sterling's, and would not be in to-day. She is an ex-

perienced book-keeper, and opens all the mail for the Blade, and of course she has business to know about discontinuances.

In answer to my question she said she knew of no discontinuances at Ryan, unless they were such as Mr. Hughes had discontinued because they were two or three years in arrears, and that we had a package of Blades that go to subscribers in Ryan.

Mr. Wilkinson has previously made this same statement in writing—I think to the Comanche News.

I hope in the parties in Ryan will investigate this matter and report to me, for publication in the Blade, and I hope that all parties whose names are mentioned in either of the above letters will write me, for publication in the Blade, plain statements of the influence of my presence in the town. It seems to me that Mr. Wilkinson ought to be somewhat "in a hurry" to expose me, as he is a preacher and I am an infidel editor who am every week issuing a paper against his religion.

Having the Blade in his hands, as he said it would have been a good point, if he had given my language, and the date of the Blade in hand, according to him, I said I would "turn the Blade to a Christian paper" if I did not convert him.

I do not know if ever having said anything even approximately resembling that and think you will never hear him quote it.

As to Mr. Wilkinson's alleged desire to further the debate with me the following are the facts:

When I left him at Ryan, I most earnestly asked him to come to Lexington, and here, debate with me the same questions that we debated in Ryan. I have since asked him through the Blade to come to Lexington, and debate with me these same questions. He has not said he cannot afford to spend \$50.00 for such a purpose, I think he allowed it to as a "wild goose chase." I renew my request for him to come to Lexington for this debate. If he, being a preacher and a lawyer, cannot, personally, and with the assistance of his friends, raise \$50 to come to Lexington, that ends it. I am not going to pay him to come here. No Christian gave a cent so far as I knew, to pay my expenses to Ryan.

TOMAS PAINE'S PATRIOTIC SERVICES.

Editor The News:
Your editorial in your issue of the 1st upon the "Anniversary of Thomas Paine" was a just tribute to one of the brightest stars in our revolutionary galaxy of great men. Thomas Paine did more for the cause of the oppressed than any man living in the days of patriotic and heroic struggles. "Common Sense," the "Crises" and "The Rights of Men" are contributions to the literature of the world that will live as long as mankind loves freedom of thought, freedom of inquiry and freedom of speech.

The pen of Thomas Paine did as much for the cause of American liberty as the sword of Washington. Paine's courageous spirit was to the struggling colonies a pillar of fire by day and a cloud by night. The revolutionary soldier as he read by the bivouac fire, hungry, ragged and barefooted, squelched the spirit of mutiny.

He was the facing sword of Paine, he recomended himself to the cause of American liberty, as he proudly resumed the arduous march to battle. For a long time we have lived ungrateful to one of the foremost of revolutionary patriots. Thanks to the powers that be, we are at last reaching the point where we can pause and honor the name of a man who was truly great enough to be called a citizen of the world. Out of gratitude we the beneficiaries of his immortal deeds should place his statue in the hall of fame and this grateful recognition is glorious enough for all the states to participate in.

He wrote the book that has caused our faith in man to be sustained and his services underestimated. "The Age of Reason" was the honest embodiment of the immortal patriot's religious views. Had Jefferson, Washington, Henry and Adams written their views on religion, they would have come for the same Niagara of abuse as Paine did. They were all Deists, Benjamin Franklin was a Deist, but he had too much policy to write on religion. The day is breaking in the intellectual world. We are nearing the era of a conservatism that will enable us to honor the good that men do as we stand in the tranquility of a higher and nobler civilization than the fanaticism and intolerance of what we pray for. Some day I believe the anniversary of Thomas Paine will become a national holiday.

WILLIAM M. HAIRSTON.
Elberton, Ga., Feb. 2, 1905.
It has always been a contradiction

in term that the man who contributed most by his pen toward the foundation of a government, predicted on the separation of church and state, should have been denied for a hundred years the credit he deserves in statecraft because of his religious opinions.

If anything could reconcile the orthodox to look with any degree of respect upon such a man as Tom Paine, surely it would be the thought that liberty was the inspiring motive, even of his religious views.

Certainly we should be able, at this late day, to rise superior to his religious views and think of him as a patriotic citizen who contributed his splendid talents toward the foundation of the republic.

The above letter and the editorial comment on it, appeared the Atlanta News of February 10.

The first time I was ever in Atlanta, I was about twenty-five years ago. I was there on business, and was talking to the two proprietors of probably the largest wholesale grocery store in the town.

When we had attended to business I was curious to test them on religious matters and made a fairly conservative infidel remark.

There was no one present but us three. Either of the two men was as big and strong as I was. They both seemed to resent what I said so deeply that it looked almost as if they might attack me for it.

Then one of them said to me, "You can talk that way in here and be safe, but if you talk that way on the street, here, you will be in danger."

My stay in that room was not protracted.

Now a citizen of that country and an editor emblem in one of Atlanta's fine papers, to compliment Tom Paine and I have not heard of either of them being killed for it, and that, too, in the state where the Rev. Sam Jones holds forth—or did hold forth, we don't hear of him these times.

Rev. Jasper may well say "Do not do more."

"LET US PRAY"
That Charles C. Moore May be Preserved in Good Health for Many Years.

Vicnic, Chicago, Feb. 13, 05.
Dear Mr. Moore:
It is not often that I am in the congratulating business.

The Blade—being—being—now, the size is, in its latest issue, full of points and facts, with extremely interesting bits of writing.

You are like wine, the older you get, the better, and more interesting you grow. I am 72 and of course in the regular probabilities, am apt to be cut down, any day, but you and I may live many years to resist and show up the machinations of priestcraft.

It is more important that you live long to labor for good than I, because you are much better qualified. To Independent Free thought people, women and men as let us pray, that Charles C. Moore may be preserved in good health, for many years.—W. WALLACE.

There are times though not so frequent now as formerly, my dear, dear doubly-dead old brother, when even with the best will and best children in the world, I some how covet the rest of old Brother Green and his wife, and Watson Weston, and want to go to eternal sleep beside my curly headed girl, in the Lexington cemetery, but a letter like that makes things look brighter, and takes a whole lot off my heart that younger people cannot understand, and I hope that your "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man will avail much." Many other happy useful years to you!

"PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF."
Through one of the most distinguished tenets of Dowie's church is that of the miraculous healing of the sick. It is a fact that among Dowie's own people Deacon Stern is dead. Mr. Overseer Schaeffer is dead. Mrs. Dowie is in bad shape and old Dowie himself, has gone South for his health.

I used to have a brother-in-law, who was a doctor. He got sick and did not take and medicine. I asked him why he didn't, and he said "I keep my medicine for other people."

Dowie's style of curing by faith seems to be "for the other people."

Strict Sabbathers ought to be glad to know that there is a Lord's Day celebrated all the week round. The Greeks observe on Monday, the Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Egyptians Thursday, the Turks Friday, the Jews Saturday, the Christians Sunday.—Louisville Herald.

I said in "Dog Fennel" that when

we were on the Molokai tour we had three Sabbathers, Mennonites, Jewish and Christian, and that we compromised by not keeping any of them, but I recall that I failed to mention two of the Sabbathers that we had—the Greeks on Monday and the Egyptians on Tuesday.

We were among Syrians, but not Assyrians.

CLERGY ARRESTED ON CHARGE OF RAISING BILLS IN THE MIDST OF HIS REVIVAL.

Huntington, W. Va., Feb. 13.—Rev. Washington Hager, Baptist minister of Chadley, was arrested here today, charged with passing two dollar bills that had been raised to tens. He was engaged in conducting a revival meeting at Big Ugly Creek when the arrest was made.

TRUTH BEATS FICTION.

I have been at many of the most famous graves in America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

I have taken off my hat at some of them simply because I knew the guards would take it off for me if I did not. But at only two of the world's famous graves have I ever taken off my hat because I wanted to do so. The first time, was in 1866, at Rowen, in France, where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake by the Catholic church, under the charge of being a witch, and the other time was at the grave of Tom Paine, at New Rochelle in New York. Now the Catholic Church is canonizing Joan, and she will soon be known as Saint Joan of Arc. Funny old world ain't it?

KENTUCKY CHRISTIAN TO BE HUNG.

Boy Green—not colored; white—Is to be hung in Owensboro, Ky., on Friday, February 17.

Mr. Green's spiritual adviser is Rev. J. D. Hocker, Baptist, and to him Col. Green has confessed the crime with which he is charged. He killed a me named Coomes, for \$25.00 he had in his pocket.

Green says some whisky that Coomes gave him, made him crazy. They ought to make better whisky in Kentucky.

"The Bible for Children," lately issued by the Century Co., is recommended by the publishers, among other reasons because it omits "such parts as parents are apt to omit when reading aloud to their children."

FAMOUS FRUIT LANDS

Of the East Texas Country. Home of the Elberta peach, the strawberry, plum, pear, tomato and other fruits and vegetables. Big money in growing for the northern markets.

On February 7th and 21st, March 7th and 21st, round trip home-seekers' tickets from St. Louis, Thebes, Cairo or Memphis to Texas points at rate of one fare plus \$2 not exceeding \$15.

One way colonist tickets at half fare, plus \$2 on February 21st and March 21st.

Write for booklets on Texas fruit lands, maps and time table.

L. O. SCHAEFFER, T. P. A., Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati, O.

A Good Route to Try

It traverses a territory rich in undeveloped resources; a territory containing unlimited possibilities for agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, mining and manufacturing. And last, but not least, it is

The Scenic Route for Tourists.

The Frisco System now offers the traveling public excellent service and fast time—

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and points in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the Southwest.

Between Kansas City and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and the Southeast.

Between Birmingham and Memphis and points in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the West and Southwest.

Full information as to route and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any representative of the Company, or to

Passenger Traffic Department, Commercial Building, Saint Louis.

THAT 5,000,000

You have probably seen the statement of R. G. Wright somewhere in the far West—that under conditions that he thinks the Blade might have 5,000,000 subscribers. There is nothing too strange to take place now, especially in the department of religion. Russia the greatest Christian power on earth will be conquered by an atheistic nation in such a way as to show that Infidels are wiser and better people than Christians, and the whole Christian religion is tottering to its fall.

You may say, if you please that I am boastful of the achievements of this little paper, but just as when I was a preacher, you cannot say I am actuated by any selfish motives.

I believe that any fair man or woman will say that the Blade has furnished Infidel literature as good as the best and not merely cheaper, but immensely cheaper, than has ever come from any publishing house in the world, and I am proposing now to make it, in club rates still cheaper.

To this time the single copy has been \$1.00 a year, and our only club rate 50 cents a year in clubs of 5 or more, and now we are going to send it at 40 cents a year in clubs of 10 or more—that is at a little over one-eighth of the cost of any of our other Infidel paper of its size and merit.

You who have read it can tell just as well as I can, why the people think about it from their letters I print their names and addresses and any of you could detect me in any misrepresentation. There may be other Infidel publications that would suit you better than the Blade does, even at several times the price of the Blade, or you might take the Blade, and take one or more of the others too. I want you all to inform yourselves on this point. Send for sample copies of some or all of the others, and see how you like them and then act accordingly, and to assist you in this investigation, I will here say that I will print the terms of any Infidel paper that asks me to do so, of course without any charge. I mean by this such publications as any Infidel publications recognize as being solely Infidel publications. It seems to me to be true, as far as I can be dispassionate in the matter, that the Blade is the only Infidel publication in the world that stands any show ever to attain a circulation of say 10,000.

Once there was a little boy and his Sunday-School teacher asked him "Who made you?" and he said "God made me when I was about a foot high, and I grew all the rest myself."

Well, if those who are enthusiastic friends of the Blade—though they don't say like Brother Greenhill, that it is ten times as good—as any of the others—will make a fairly strenuous combined effort they can raise the circulation of this paper to 50,000 as Bro. Wright suggests, and then I feel almost sure that I could "grow all the rest myself" up to 350,000.

Can't we make this now a subject of special effort? I simply ask you to do what you recognize in yourselves, each one for himself or herself, that you are abundantly able to do. Some real sacrifice, now and then in a good cause is good for us and makes us happier and better, but I don't ask any body to make any real sacrifice for the Blade.

The cause of Infidelity is the greatest of all the causes in the world. We cannot have anything good until vile superstition, the Christian religion, are conquered and suppressed. The land is simply rampant with crime, practically all of it being committed by Christians, priests, and preachers being in proportion to their number, the vilest people on earth, practicing every crime known to the statutes of any and of all our states, and teaching lying and hypocrisy to the people until C. P. Williamson, Campbellite preacher, and president of a female college set in Lexington a week ago, that Christian officers of the law could not be trusted to keep their oaths.

Christianity, wherever it goes fills the country with war and liquor drinking and violence and doing anything to get money, all of which doctrines are plainly taught by Jesus Christ.

There are in America alone 150,000 of the lying hypocritical pampered vagabonds who preach this religion solely, and soundly, for money; and teach that to believe their superstition is worth more than the practice of morals, and we can never be a free and happy people until these lying impostors are driven out of the land, driven out of France and Italy, two countries that have seen and know these villains for centuries.

Of course we must all try to be

personally, not merely good citizens but we must be good men and women our lives showing that in our own homes and among our neighbors, but it is the height of folly to attempt my great and public good, until Christianity, the greatest enemy of morals, is destroyed. We are simply wasting our time and energy and money to be monkeying with any or all of the lies and fads that are growing up and falling down all the time, like the Jonah's joined in an effort to advance the human race.

If I mention any one of these (there are people who call themselves Infidels that will flame up and get mad and act like spoiled children because I have hurt their feelings by an insinuation against something which has no moral quality in it, and in which they are co-operating with the Christians, and which intelligence ought to tell them they have passed and been forgotten in ten years from now.

Ten years ago, if I had said anything against Bryan's 16 to 1 doctrine I would morally have offended a wife or one Methodist or Campbellite preacher having 16 conclusions.

In the same way, in a few years more, any and all of these fads about which some Infidels are buying themselves now will have gone and have been forgotten, and a new job lot of them will be on the market, certain ones of which will be picked out by different Infidels and proclaimed the kingly-alls for all the evils of life.

All of that kind of Infidels have still so much of their old Christian rearing in them that it is hard to reason with them, and we will just have to let them go on with their fads until they develop into something one way or the other, and we who have determined to stick to the old fight against preachers and religion will simply have to increase our zeal, and make more sacrifice and work harder, and be, personally, better men and better women.

This paper stands for nothing but opposition to religion and for higher and better lives.

I enjoy immensely seeing the expressions of the people from all the world and from all classes against this great superstition, and it hurts me to think of what a mere handful, comparatively, can read these letters.

Can't we all who are real true friends to the Blade, join in a discussion of this matter for private in the Blade, and let us see thoroughly what can be done about it even if it occupies the most of three or four issues of the Blade.

I have tried this same thing several times before and have not succeeded in eliciting any special interest, and it has simply afforded an opportunity for some only professed friends of the Blade to write me letters saying that I am "all the time begging," when they know that, "frankly," it is not a cent of profit to me. That kind can now write to me just as much as they want, but their letters will not appear in the Blade, and all of these outside issues and circulars will be sent to the Infidels that may be good otherwise.

I do not ask you to give one single cent to assist the paper. I only ask you to pay for its circulation in proportion to your means, if you are not already doing that. If you are already doing your share write me a short letter about it, any how.

If you cannot pay for any more Blades, at the present rate a year, possibly, you can send a few cents—no less than five—five Blades at 1 cent each to be sent to any one address or at two cents each, to be sent in separate wrappers to any address in America.

When you send for these it will be with the understanding that we will send any name or issues that you order if we have them, and that if we do not have them we will make up the number in others, as we think you would prefer or as would be most possible for us.

I want to give this one more thorough trial—more thorough than I have ever done—and then, I see plainly that I cannot continue to do this, the chances are that I would never again try it during the balance of my days.

I do not expect to be much disappointed or hurt in my feelings if this fails to elicit any interest, and I shall remember that this little paper has had many expressions of kindness for it, in all conceivable ways, but some-

how, I have long had an idea that some day before I die, this little paper would make it one of the wonders of this country.

It would only be in keeping with my strange life, up to this date that it should do so.

Just think what a stir it would create in religious circles to know that this paper which has brought so much outrage and injustice upon its editor had attained a circulation of 100,000. It would, I believe be the greatest influence that the world ever saw, Ingersoll and Haeckel an even Paine not excepted.

I suppose it will hardly be possible for any zealous opponent of Christianity to escape Christian hate and malignity, and probably in time, I will come in for my share, but many of you, who read this will believe that up to this time, when I am in my 68 year, no man or woman of any standing has ever attacked my character as a moralist.

I may not come up to my own standard of manhood and am not an example of my own ideals, but while I am living and the facts of my life are all easily obtainable, you can see that while I am continually attacking Christians and especially preachers, no man or woman attempts to retaliate by exposing any immorality in my life.

Write me about this please, and tell me what you think about it. All I if you don't think it is worth discussing, I will just drop it, and you will probably never hear any more from me on this subject.

In answer to this there will be many who will say that the thing for me to do is to make a good paper, and this it will then go on its own merits. That is partly true and yet every man who will say that will go for sale and will say in his advertisement that it is the best kind of an article, which may, or may not, be true. But be will, all the same, advertise it, even when he knows it is the best kind of an article.

In the same way advertising will help the Blade even if it were known to be the best newspaper in the world, and, I am simply asking you to help me to advertise it.

I am going to try to make the best Infidel publication in the whole world to make it at the lowest rates that any publications of that sort would ever offered for, and I want you to help me in this.

If I were begging you to send me money to me, it would be another thing. But I don't get any of the money that comes to this paper, and I don't want any of it.

I have no money myself, but I am not dependent, and I simply want you to pay—not give this money to Mr. Hughes for printing for the Infidel cause—pure Infidelity; no politics; no fads—the cheapest Infidel literature that the world ever saw.

Any way let me hear from you.

REV. FRANK TALMAGE
MAGE ON SUICIDE

"First, I charged Athelstan with the chief responsibility for the crime. Self-murder is the hideous, black-viaaged execution of the merciless monster we call Athelstan, Infidelity. It is the old silly serpent coiled up under the overbushy branches of the gnarled and worm-eaten tree of unbelief, at the foot of which sits the grinning, bearded hag, Misery, crooning a dirge for a lullaby. It is the death rattle of a human being whose parched lips have been set to rim of the chalice filled with the scorching, poisonous concoction of blasphemy and falsehood compounded by a Voltaire, a Rousseau, Thomas Paine, or a Robert G. Ingersoll. It is the whetstone, wet with human blood, upon which the moral sensibilities can be blunted and at the same time the suicide's knife sharpened, for it teaches immoral man that there is no hereafter, and that he is responsible for his life's action to no divine maker and King."

The above is from a recent sermon of the Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage. He talks very much as if he had ordered a barrel of his father's old sermon that gave us "that third feeling" even as delivered by the old man, and they are not liable to be any more stimulating, for moral or intellectual purposes when earnest over, three cold times, by the son.

I am afraid Frank's frankness is mostly in name.

As a money-getting method his present one may be a success—probably is—but if he has any ambition for fame, and to live among the leaders of thought, he ought to remember that some years prior to his father's death it was a continual struggle for the elder Talmage to keep himself in the public eye, and that he

moved about, from pillow to post, suggestive of one of Noah's birds—the black one—finding no place to rest where the people seemed anxious to have him rest. In fact they seemed to say to him: "Give us a rest."

While the name and sayings of the elder Talmage once appeared to newspaper readers every day; it is a fact that we hardly ever hear of him now.

He and Sam Jones were, a few years ago, abstracted upon the public attention, continually, and laughs at the "funny things" that Sam said were words of daily occurrence.

Now the name of Sam Jones is almost unknown to the newspapers, and before long, the papers will report that Sam has died, and in a few days more, Sam will have passed almost entirely from the memory of men.

If young Talmage courts lasting fame it would probably be better for him not to preach so much like his father.

Ingersoll was witty, but I never have been one of his worshippers. He lived too easily and made too little sacrifice for others, but any discerning man can see that while the elder Talmage is now almost forgotten, and Sam Jones is forgotten even before he dies, the name of Ingersoll, even by his detractors, is becoming embalmied with those of Voltaire, Rousseau and Paine and Frank Talmage the Christian preacher, will contribute to the perpetuation of the fame of Ingersoll, just as much as if he were an Infidel propagandist.

If Frank Talmage were to die today, his announcement, in the papers, would make many people know for the first time, or merely recall, the fact that T. DeWitt Talmage, the once famous preacher, had a son, who was "also" a preacher—suggesting the fact that the father was "also" a preacher, and the scriptural expression "If he made the stars 'also.'"

There is a good opening for a career for Frank Talmage, but not along the lines he is now running. He ought to know that exact duplicates of Shakespeare and Ingersoll could not be put on an interest—even to compete with Mary Mac Lane of Butte, Montana.

Every man is "nothing if not original."

If Frank Talmage would, right now square off, stop the frenzied and strenuous style of his father, that had cloyed on the public taste and appetite, and become a model, moderate man of plain speech, as has been common among great men—Beecher and Macaulay—and show by his words and his deeds that he really wants to make the world happier by making it better, he could do a great and valuable work and make himself happier. But as it is now, he always suggests "Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

(My father used to tell of one of his young school companions, who in reading in class, and getting it out with difficulty, would at a time, read "Strain at a gnat and swallow a sawmill."

Somebody sent the man a marked copy of this "a wunk is just as good as a not to a blind horse."

I distinguished preacher—you will find it some where in the Blade—has recently taken the position that suicide, under some circumstances, is not wrong. Of course it is not. What could have been more beautiful and pathetic than the suicide, in each other's arms, heart to heart, of our dear old brother and sister Green in Chicago.

The world is better and purer and happier for their having done it, and no human being on the whole earth was harmed by it, except the suffering that we all must feel for the sorrow that we made them do it.

Infidelity has not been set back by it.

On the other hand it was the grand answer the world over heard, to the Christian contention that Infidel deaths were scenes of horror.

Ingersoll was the most distinguished of apologists for suicide, but the smile on his face when his last word, "Better," was spoken by his loving wife—"The one woman for the one man"—will forever answer, a thousand times over, Frank Talmage's threadbare "straining at 'gnats' and swallowing"—another Don Quixote with a new brand of mills to charge on—to show that Infidelity makes suicides.

In the meantime Blade readers will please send in, to me, all reported cases of suicides, where the religious opinions of the parties are given.

Each fellow "shiny on his own side" let the Infidels look out for Christian suicides, and the Christians look out for Infidel suicides and we will find out about this thing—but don't forget some of you—especially some of you Los Angeles fellows—sounds mighty like Lost Angels—

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OTTO WETTSTEIN

110 N. KENSINGTON AVENUE LA GRANGE, ILL.

Send Frank a marked copy of this, drop him a little note too and get him to send me newspaper clippings about Infidel suicides.

Bro. Groh will please notify me Talmage thinks Infidelity simply means "unbelief."

"HEAVEN AND EARTH MAY PASS AWAY BUT THE B. G. B. SHALL NOT."

Upland, Ind., Feb. 2, 05.

Friend Hughes—I send you names of those who pay, and those who will not. The truth of the matter is the heaven of G. O. P. politics, and holy smoke have penetrated their cuticles until you can't tell one from the other and some of ours are just as slippery as the Lord's almondest.

The leather grinded angels and the devil have been tussling for first place the past month, at University place, where they would sky-plota from the stinkmugs gathered by the M. E. church. On February 6th, the Methodist will dedicate their \$13,000 church and cold as it is up here, hell will be at high tide, and the fumes of spent gas, sulphur, and foam will doubtless rise in geyzers, cuticles in perpendicular height, and fill the Western hemisphere with vile odiferous stench of burning bones as a vindication of Satan's existence.

Such a scrapping together in divers ways of the filthy here, for months past, has been enough to freeze the peasant lambs to the bone, and 'twould seem little left to condone their inward cravings to satiate their mortal appetites.

Saint and sinners alike have been entrained to cough up "For the Master's cause."

Poor hard working wash women are urged to contribute their dimes for a "Lord Bless You, Sister."

Great and small, old and young have all been up against the graft, and if any unwary pilgrim, or knight of the grip, has not been collar for a gift, he has not been heard from. If the financial condition of the village does not burst its bands and go broke, it will certainly be on the verge of it, with thousands of dollars to stand off by mechanics' liens, if some fool taker can't be found to risk the ducts for the son of a ghost that dopes and snickers may always get their innings. Below find \$10 for persons who stand pat on their convictions.

Heaven and earth may pass away but the B. G. B. shall not.—L. M. MILLER.

M. GRIER KIDDER, Tells of a Fine Lonesome That he Had With Rev. Bob Burdette. San Francisco, Cal. Feb. 10, 05.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

My Brother—The first, last and only time I ever met Robt. J. Burdette, was in the 80's in New London, Connecticut.


He and I were both drunk, but I was sober next day, and he wasn't. I am surprised at his present penchant for water.

He was a good fellow in liquor—I don't know how he is in water. I was pleased with one remark: "Before I got too drunk I am going to send a present to my wife: she is the best woman on earth."

I thought that a sober husband would be the most acceptable gift, but I reserved my suggestion. He was very good company, and the drunker he got, the more he seemed to improve. He seemed to think the same of me. Before morning we both graduated into perfection.

If he follows the hydropathic cure for alcoholism as audaciously as he did the alcohol route for hydropathy, he will die of water on the brain.

I hope you are well. Adieu! My pretty gazelle.—M. Grier Kidder.



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I had a very pleasant sojourn in Hartford, Connecticut in about 1859.

it seemed to me it ought to have a wide circulation. Every one who reads it within the circle of my friends, is

gal tender in Kentucky—it was before the war—immediately upon the birth of each child that should be born unto

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